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## ANOTHER CASE.

*Frances:* IT IS THAT TIREsome MR. COBALT, WITH HIS EVERLASTING GABBLE ON ART.

*Laura (hotly):* I THINK HE AMOUNTS TO A GOOD DEAL! HE IS QUITE WEDDED TO HIS ART.

*Frances:* A CASE WHERE MARRIAGE SEEMS TO BE A FAILURE.

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## MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

'TIS midnight past and still I sit  
Beside the fire dreaming,  
While on the bed my wedding gown  
Reposes white and gleaming ;  
A satin splendor made by Worth,  
And rich with silver beauty,  
Papa's last tribute at the shrine  
Of his paternal duty.

For on the morrow, at St. Mark's,  
Amid a loud *fanfaron*  
Of trumpets, clarions and shawms,  
I marry Meinherr Baron,  
Who owns a ruin on the Rhine—  
Is cousin to the Kaiser,  
And deep in debt—for details see  
The *Morning Advertiser*.

He wears a ring upon his thumb,  
His voice is loud and beery,  
For herring-soup and sauer-kraut  
His appetite is eerie.  
He's very fat, a little bald,  
And crooked-legged like Scarron,  
So any one can see he is  
A *bona fide* Baron.

O Fate ! I thank thee for this boon !  
My spinsterhood is ended,  
And not a girl of all in town  
Has made a match so splendid.  
For me alone it is reserved  
To know what earthly bliss is,  
For I shall be a Baroness  
And they but simple Mrs. ! M. E. W.



## A QUERY ANSWERED.

WHY does Jay Gould shed the scalding tear at board meetings, now ?

This is a most solemn question for the financial mind to grapple with. It is especially attracting attention in those circles where the use of the dividend is often dispensed with.

Medical authorities differ regarding the symptoms, also, and find nothing in the books that helps to settle the question.

The solution of the matter did not worry me at all. I did not bother with it over an hour or two.

It is only one of his more recent methods of watering his talk.

Bill Nye.

London humorous papers please copy.

SHE : Why do they always refer to music as a woman ?

HE : Well, you couldn't conceive of music as existing in silence, could you ?

## THE HUMBLEST MAY FOLLOW.

MISS WOBBLETON : How beautiful, professor, it would be to mould one's life, however imperfectly, after the ideas and practice of Emerson !

PROF. GROUT : Well, you can make a start by eating pie !

## BY ANY OTHER NAME.

"I DON'T think Van Dauber's picture, "A Morning Dip," just exactly proper, do you ?"

"No—ought to have left off the bathing dress and called it "A Sea Nymph."

## AN INSIDIOUS CRITICISM.

THE REV. MR. SPOUTER : How did you like my sermon, yesterday ? What did you think of my exordium and my peroration, eh ?

DE GRUMPE : I thought they were too far apart.





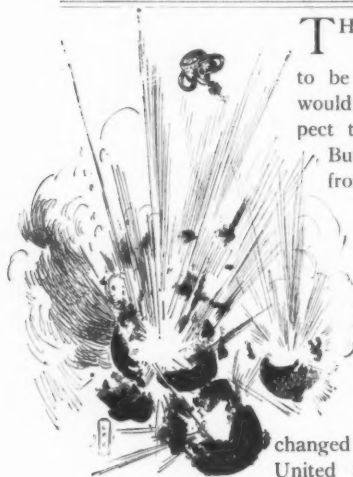
"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVIII. OCTOBER 22d, 1891. No. 460.  
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00. Back numbers, one year old, 20 cents per copy. Vols. III. to XVII., inclusive, bound or in flat numbers, at \$5.00 per volume.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.



THE business of being a George Washington has been found to be profitable and popular. It would be natural, therefore, to expect that it would be overdone.

But it isn't. It is attempted from time to time, but there must be exceptional difficulties about it, for only with the most particular scarcity does it get itself achieved. The late Senor Balmaceda may be said to have tackled the George Washington job, but the variations he insisted upon introducing changed the part so radically that a United States audience would not have known it for the same. He

made a very bad mess of it and was hissed off the stage, and died suddenly in the wings, some weeks ago, as we all remember.

NOR did General Boulanger do much better; nor was his exit any more satisfactory. He insisted in running a strain of low comedy into the part which destroyed its dignity; and he tempered its austerity besides in a way that destroyed its moral effect. Balmaceda accomplished nothing but harm, but at least he was tragic. But Boulanger accomplished nothing at all, not even harm, and was merely absurd.

MR. PARNELL far outdid both of them. He had the great advantage of being half American, which relieved him of the necessity of prating about *gloire*, and of messing himself up inopportunely with the gore of unlucky opponents. Parnell actually accomplished something which survived him. He was strong and patient, and was in the way of becoming a real, great

man, when his evil genius overtook him, and he went miscellaneously to the demnition bow-wows. Just what happened to Parnell is something for meditative persons to speculate upon. Was it the woman's doing, or was Kitty O'Shea only an incident of an inevitable collapse? The degeneration that gradually showed in him was physical, moral and intellectual all at once. He became a sick man, who had to be long absent from his business; he took up with his friend's wife; and he ceased to behave with ordinary intelligence toward his political allies.

It is a remarkable story, and whenever it is veraciously written out it will make instructive and edifying reading. And it will be written out, for with all his short-comings Parnell was not a man to be forgotten. One deduction that can be safely made from his biography in advance of its publication, is that for a man who essays to play George Washington before a Celtic or Anglo-Saxon audience, one of the handiest of properties is a set of working morals in reasonable repair.

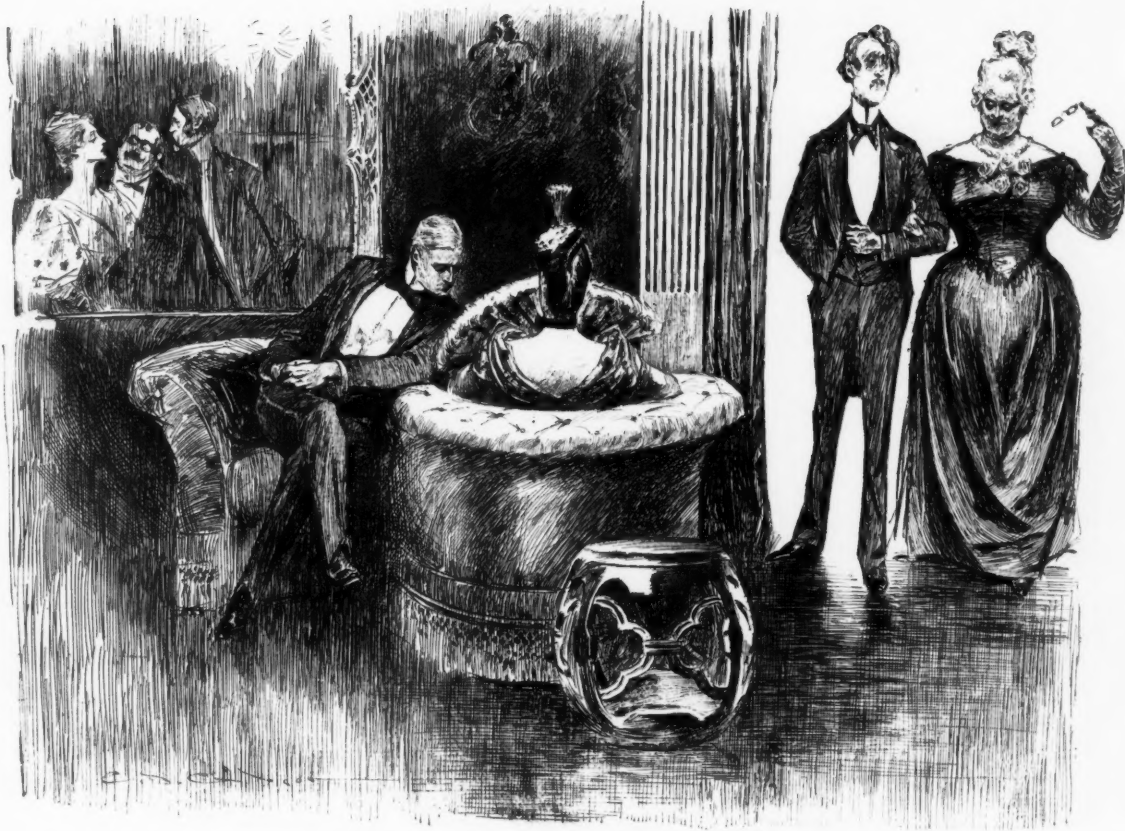


THERE is something almost providential in the circumstance that when the baseball news ends the college news begins. It is pleasant to have the colleges at work again, and get the bottom facts about football three or four times a week. The great football games of the Thanksgiving season have really become a feature of American life. Taken in connection with the fall elections, they effectually diversify the sombre month of November.

NOW then, Tammany, you've got the earth; let's see you try to keep it clean.



IT would be hard to find a finer bit of American realism than the recent advertisements of a forthcoming novel by Mr. Howells. If Mr. Howells had composed the advertisements himself, they could not have been more like the actual thing with which the liberality of the soap and patent medicine gentlemen has made us so familiar. Mr. Howells himself, if he peruses the daily press, can hardly avoid the conclusion that he is the stuff, and that there are no flies on him. It is just possible that he may be a sympathetic reader of Mr. Stephenson's narrative of the experiences of Dromedary Dodd in the hands of the irrepressible Pinkerton.



HIS MASTERPIECE.

*She:* WHICH OF MR. CAROLL'S POEMS DO YOU THINK EVINCES THE BOLDEST FLIGHT OF THE IMAGINATION?  
*He:* THAT IN WHICH HE REFERS TO HIMSELF AS A POET.

A SUGGESTION.

AS I go and shop, sir  
 If a car I stop, sir,  
 Where you chance to sit,  
 And you want to read, sir,—  
 Never mind or heed, sir,—  
 I'll not care a bit.

For it's now æsthetic  
 To be quite athletic.  
 (That's our fad, you know.)  
 I can hold the strap, sir,  
 And not brush your lap, sir,  
 As we jolting go.

If you read on blindly,  
 I shall take it kindly;  
 All the car's not mine.  
 But if you sit and stare, sir,  
 At my eyes and hair, sir,  
 I must draw the line.

If the stare is meant, sir,  
 For a compliment, sir,  
 As we jolt—through town,  
 Allow me to suggest, sir,  
 A woman oft looks best, sir,  
 When she's sitting down.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

IN THE POLICE COURT.

JUDGE: Colonel, are you always drunk?

THE COLONEL: Does your honor take me for a millionaire?

NECESSARY.

"WHAT a big head Russell Harrison has."  
 "He has to have it—to accommodate his cheek."

"WHAT was the row at the Zoo this morning?"  
 "The boa-constrictor got loose and tried to fight with the fire-hose."

## BOOKISHNESS

### HAMLIN GARLAND'S STORIES.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND writes stories with an avowed reformatory purpose, always having in view the single-tax doctrine and other social panaceas. He is very much in earnest about it, and takes something of the attitude of Tolstoi. Of course that is a hard rôle to fill, and most sensible people ought not to take their fiction or political economy in that form. Yet they read "Looking Backward" by the hundred-thousand!

In Mr. Garland's "Main-travelled Roads" (Arena Co.) he has told six impressive stories of the Mississippi Valley, and the economic ghost is kept well in the background, though his spirit is pervasive. However, they are good, strong tales, independent of their ulterior purpose to show the need of improving the condition of the farmer.

What one particularly likes about the stories is their rugged directness. The sordidness and brutality are emphasized perhaps at the expense of good taste, but the author does not fail of making his point through delicacy.

\* \* \*

THE criticism which a sensitive reader might make with most propriety is that no author has a right to harrow the feelings of a reader with situations which are commonplace and yet unspeakably pathetic in real life, and for the telling of which no literary art is needed. He would say that there are certain primary emotions which literary art cannot decorate. It is this sort of thing which Andrew Lang called in Dickens "a wallowing in the pathetic."

But if one discounts these things there still remains in Mr. Garland's stories a knack of individualising rustic characters—humanizing them, as is seldom done in our fiction. The writer whose qualities he most approaches is the author of "The Story of a Country Town." The same hopelessness and silent despair take hold of their strongest characters. In these two writers have we been shown for the first time the reaction from the optimism of the great West. The Farmers' Alliance is the best proof that they have been picturing real and not imaginary troubles.

\* \* \*

TO particularize—among the ambitious stories one must prefer "Up the Coulé" because of the originality and distinctness of the four characters which it portrays. The successful young man who returns after ten years absence to the farm to find his brother embittered by the long toil, and his silence when he might have helped them so easily; the aged mother knitting on the porch, and forgiving him instantly his long neglect, and so proud of his finery and luxurious habits; and the aggressive young wife of the farmer-brother who chafes at the narrow life and its hopelessness—these are elements of stern pathos. The wonder is that Mr. Garland has been able to suggest so much by them in such little space. He is a little melodramatic, and, now and then, there is a mock-heroism about his characters. You feel that more virile men would have posed less and accomplished more, even in adverse circumstances.

But the best tale of all is the least ambitious—the short sketch entitled "Mrs. Ripley's Trip." It is light and humorous, and suggests "The Revolt of Mother" by Miss Wilkins, and "Fair Day" by Miss Jewett.

It should be noted that these tales add Wisconsin to the states which are covered by American provincial fiction.

*Droch.*

### NEW BOOKS.

*THE UNCLE OF AN ANGEL, AND OTHER STORIES.* By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper and Brothers.

*Her Sister's Rival.* By Albert Delpit. Translation by Alexina Loranger. Chicago: Laird and Lee.

*Just Impediment.* By Richard Pryce. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

*A Group of Noble Dames.* Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

*Adopting an Abandoned Farm.* By Kate Sanborn. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Romain Kalbris.* By Hector Malot. Translation by Mary J. Serrano. New York: Harper and Brothers.

*Russian Traits and Terrors.* By E. B. Lanin. With an Ode by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker.

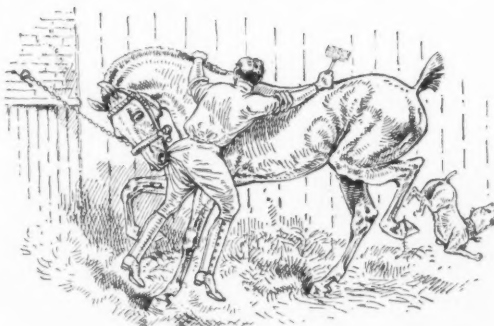
*Maid Marian, and Other Stories.* By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: D. Appleton and Company.



"I OVERHEARD SOME MEN ON THE STREET MENTIONING DE CAMPER'S NAME IN CONNECTION WITH A LARGE SUM OF MONEY. IS HE THOUGHT TO BE WELL OFF?"

"YES—PROBABLY ACROSS THE CANADIAN LINE, ALREADY."

### THOSE RELIABLE HORSE ADVERTISEMENTS.



"FINE COB—WARRANTED KIND AND TRUE."

STRANGER: Do you know where Sidney Place is?

POLICEMAN: That isn't what you want to know.

STRANGER: That's what I asked you.

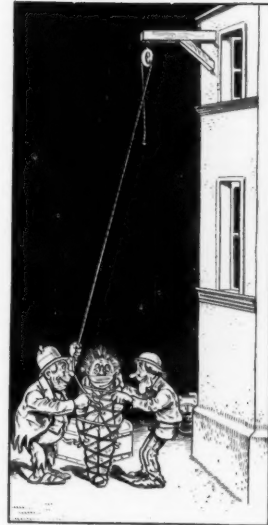
POLICEMAN: But is that what you want to know?

STRANGER: It is.

POLICEMAN: I do.

STRANGER: Thank you.

AN INTERRUPTED ELOPEMENT.



A LATE LITERARY PRODUCTION.

"HAVE you anything new?" asked a customer of a recently engaged clerk in a Chicago book-store.  
"I'll see," replied the young man, as he swept his eye over the shelves. "Yes, here's 'The New Testament.' Would you like to look at it?"

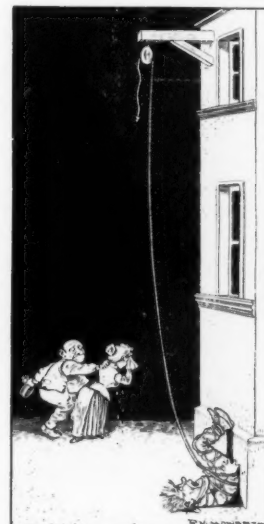
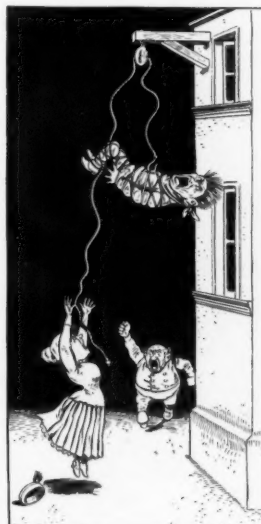
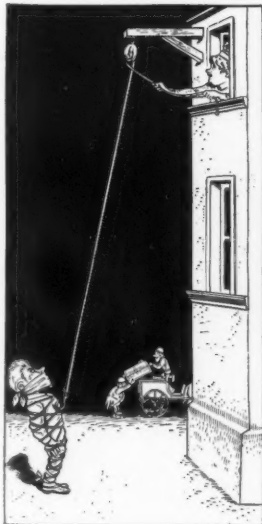
THE ONLY WAY.

"I WONDER if a man could see Europe on \$2 a day."  
"He could if he had a rich wife."

A QUESTION OF KNOWLEDGE.

HER ADORER: May I marry your daughter, sir?  
HER FATHER: What do you want to marry for? You don't know when you're well off.  
HER ADORER: No, perhaps not; but I know when you're well off.

QUERY: Can any student of political zoology explain why the Tammany tiger has such a knack of getting the lion's share?







#### PENELOPE'S LATEST.

"PEN," said her father to her very seriously one evening, as she was calmly cutting the pages of the latest magazine, "why don't you take some serious interest in life? You will never have to work and earn money, as a great many girls do, it is true; but that is all the more reason why you, with plenty of leisure, should try to do something for the general interests of mankind. I don't see why some philanthropic or charitable work wouldn't interest you, and I'm sure it would be very much better than to spend all your time reading trashy novels and going to the theatres."

"That's very true, papa, and I have thought of it for a long time. Indeed, I have gone so far as to organize a society," replied Pen very demurely.

"A society for what?" asked her father, who did not know whether he was dreaming, or Pen, fibbing.

"A society for the suppression of impropriety," replied Pen. "I'm to be president and general manager."

"I'll wager you will be president and general manager of anything you go into. What are the objects of this astounding society?"

"The suppression of impropriety, of course. For instance, we are going to make war on the improprieties on the stage and in novels. Those are about the only ones we have thought of yet, but if there are any other interesting improprieties we will make war on them also. It's woman's sphere now to do all these things. They are taking hold of street cleaning and all that sort of thing as you know. Men are practically valueless for such work. They lack the finer sensibility of the women. By the way, I shall have to ask you to help me, papa. Of course you will after what you have just said."

"Humph! What do you want my duller sensibilities to do for you?"

"Well, as president and general manager, I am chairman of the investigating committee. Of course, to do my duty I shall have to investigate all these things from time to time. Indeed, I expect it will keep me very busy this Winter. On Monday, for instance, you will have to take me to see 'The Prancing Girl.' On Tuesday there is a meeting of the

society, but I think perhaps it will be better for me to continue the investigations and let some one else preside. They won't dare to do anything that will displease me, so we will investigate that French singer, at the Hades Musee, on that night. The next night we will take in 'The Doleful Monarch,' another comic opera, and I will let you know what we will do the remainder of the week, in time for you to get tickets. In the mean time you must go down town and order copies of all the latest novels that are in any way improper, and have them sent up to me. Why, where are you going, papa?"

But the old gentleman was already out of the room, and it is perhaps just as well not to record the remarks he made as he edged up to the sideboard and braced up his declining health.

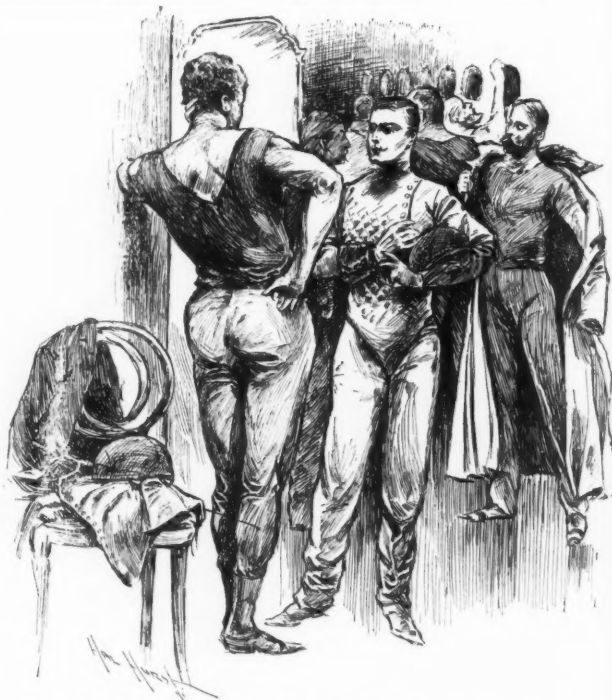
WOODEN: Now, I don't propose—

MISS SMILAX: Yes. I've noticed it.

A MAN WHOSE CONVICTIONS ARE ALWAYS RESPECTED—The District Attorney.

BARBER (to Irishman in the chair): Bay rum, sir?

IRISHMAN: No, thank you sir. I had two beers on my way up.



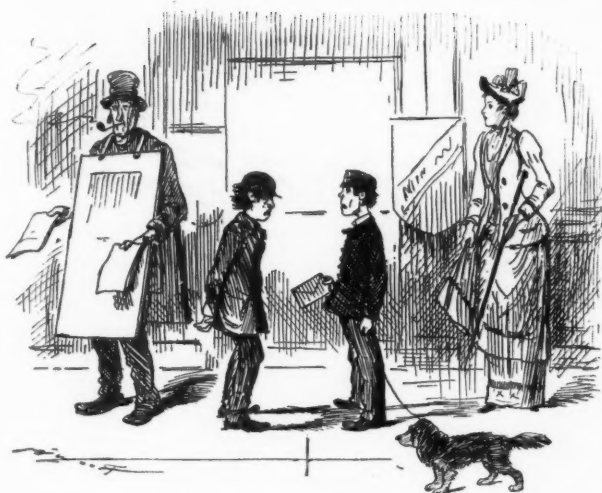
The Little One: LEND ME A FIVE, WILL YOU?

The Big One: WELL, I'M RATHER PRESSED MYSELF, JUST NOW, AFTER LENDING YOU THAT HUNDRED, LAST WEEK.

The Little One (bitterly): WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP BUT A NAME?

The Big One (sadly): A LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, APPARENTLY.





"WHY AIN'T YET GOT YER UNIFORM ON, JIMMY: HAVE YER LEFT?"

"YES. I AIN'T GOIN' TO WORK FOR NO TELEGRAPH COMPANY WHERE THEY TELLS YER TO HURRY EVERY TIME YER GOES OUT TO DELIVER A MESSAGE!"

#### ON BRINGING UP BABIES.

(Respectfully dedicated to a certain distinguished gentleman and his charming wife.)

THE old proverb with reference to cooking a hare applies equally well to babies. It is wise to catch your baby before you bring it up.

Next to this the most important step is the proper clothing of the infant. If it be a girl baby the first gowns should be made *en train*, but not too décolleté.

Soft food is recommended for the first few months of the baby's existence, but in most cases of children under two months old, Welsh rarebits and soft shell crabs should be avoided.

Exercise with heavy dumb-bells should not be permitted until the child is at least six weeks old.

If the baby develops a tendency towards staying out late of nights, its latch-key should be taken away, as the night air is injurious to babies who have not finished teething.

The baby should not be permitted to read Maupassant and Laura Jean Libbey before it is a year old. The former is too exciting and from the latter it might secure false and vulgar views of life.

The baby should not be permitted to engage in political discussions until it has learned to talk.

A silver dollar should not be used to facilitate the cutting of the baby's teeth. It might give the offspring wrong ideas of the silver question.

At the christening, champagne may be served to the guests, but the baby should take its portion by proxy.

If you wish the baby to be good-natured, let it subscribe for a good humorous weekly. There is an excellent publi-

cation of this character issued from 28 West Twenty-third street, New York City.

If the baby in question should happen to be a mere ordinary baby—which is not likely, of course—it is not apt to be half so interesting to your friends and acquaintances as you might fancy. It should, therefore, be kept in the nursery until it is eighteen years old.

If the baby cries at night it is a sign that it is awake. In such cases do not use a club. The soothing-syrups sold by the druggists are equally fatal and less violent in their action.

If this little treatise has failed in any particular to instruct parents in the rearing of their offspring we are quite willing to answer questions on the subject by mail, provided a five-dollar consulting fee and return postage are enclosed with the inquiry.



C. H. PROVOST.

He (hopeless, but seeking consolation): NOW THAT YOU HAVE MET TOM WALKOVER, YOU HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR ME.

She: OH, YES I HAVE. I NEED YOU TO MAKE HIM JEALOUS!

#### ALWAYS PLENTY.

"SUPPOSE coal were to give out, what should we use in its place?" asked Hicks.

"Poems," returned his editorial friend.

THE WIFE: Before we married you promised to let mamma come to visit us as often as she pleased.

THE HUSBAND: Well, she has ceased to please.

"MY husband has just had his life insured."

"Why, then, do you find fault with him?"

"Because he did not have his death insured."

A FEAST OF REASON—To entertain an idea.









## THERMIDOR.

WHEN Mr. Sardou takes off his coat and starts in to write a play, the splinters are bound to fly. He does big things and does them in a big, strong way. He paints on a large canvas and with bold strokes. His subjects are rarely pleasant ones, but they always attract and hold attention.

"Thermidor," as its name indicates, deals with the days, or to be more exact, with the last day of the Reign of Terror. It does not go far into the actual historical events of that time, but they lend their tone to the piece and its action goes on to their sombre accompaniment.

"Thermidor" tells a story and tells it in a clear-cut absorbing fashion that closely holds the spectator's attention. It is interesting from the first word to the last and contains many forcible and stirring lines. It, more than any of the

plays founded on the Terror, brings to one a feeling of the reality of that horrid time. It calls for little effort of the fancy, and although the first impression of the heroine is that her actions are contrary to what those of any real woman would be, a little reflection shows that she and her folly are but the natural outcome of her time and her environment. A girl who has been brought up to regard the blessed martyrs as estimable and sensible persons is not unlikely to look upon blessed martyrdom as a consummation to be wished.

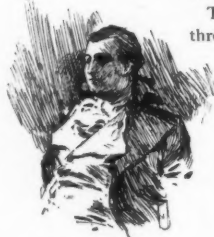


MARTIAL HUGON.

In the cast the brunt of the work falls upon Mr. Frederic Bond. Those who are familiar with Mr. Bond's previous impersonations will find his *Charles Labussière* a revelation of power and versatility. It would be too much to assume that Mr. Bond's rendering of the part is a great performance, but he brings out its capabilities with force and discrimination. To Mr. J. Forbes Robertson as *Martial Hugon* fewer opportunities are given in the way of

telling lines. He does what he has to do artistically and well, his elocution being especially agreeable.

Miss Elsie de Wolfe as *Fabienne Lecoulteux* certainly does not make the part as prominent as the lines and situations would allow. She plays it with the conception that a well bred young French girl would not have the power and strength of a modern emotional actress. Whether she has the capability to play it to the full limit of its possibilities is a question which she and her managers leave shrouded in mystery. If in her present interpretation she adds to the general harmony of the piece—which is doubtful—she is in particular somewhat of a disappointment. Nevertheless Miss de Wolfe's performance gives evidence of decided talent and she need feel no discouragement because her first appearance does not bring her a more decided triumph.



LABUSSIÈRE.

Mr. Charles Frohman has given the play a good mounting—the last scene, representing the small courtyard of the Conciergerie prison, being especially interesting.



FABIENNE.

THEATRE-GOERS in general will regret that the excellent combination made up of Mrs. Drew and Messrs. Jefferson and Florence, is to be broken up after this season. Their appearance at the Garden Theatre is announced as the last that they will make together in New York. In the quality of their acting, and in the character of their plays, they seem to be the only survivors of the old school in which our fathers delighted, and which gave the earliest dramatic delights to the present generation. The old-school actors have an unctuous way of rendering the characters of the old-school plays, which seems lacking to those brought up in the modern methods. The realism of to-day calls for different training. Whether it is better training or not is open to discussion.

Metcalfe.



SHIVVER DE FREEZE.

OLD CHUMS MEET.



"DISAGREEABLE CONNECTIONS."

WHERE THE PAIN CAME IN.

IT was not her refusal that so hurt,  
But the way she looked me  
through and through,  
And in a manner dignified and  
curt,  
Ejaculated "You?"

HAD BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

CHARLEMAGNE: My son is  
playing football, this after-  
noon.

KEEPER OF THE ROYAL FOOT-  
PRINTS: Yes, your majesty.

CHARLEMAGNE: I want to see  
him when he arrives at the palace.  
Have him carried right up here.

HARD WORK.

"I WONDER why the Medi-  
terranean is so blue?"  
"You'd be blue if you had to  
wash the Italian shore."



A FREE-HAND DRAWING.



"I WONDER WHY HE DIDN'T KISS ME WHEN I ACCEPTED HIM?"  
"PERHAPS HE THOUGHT THE OCCASION DEMANDED SOMETHING UNUSUAL FROM HIM."

NO ONE TO IDENTIFY HIM.

"I CAN'T give you the money on this check unless you get some one to identify  
you," said the paying teller.

The stranger took back the check and went out without a word. He knew it was  
a hopeless case. He had once been Vice-President of the United States.

"POOR Cringle! he's made his last trip."  
"No!"

"Yes—stepped on an orange-peel and broke his neck."



## IN AUTUMN.

I WATCH the forest foliage change  
And glow with colors rare and strange;  
And as beneath their shade I roam  
I muse upon a wondrous tome  
Of tales I wrote, and drop my head,  
Because those leaves will ne'er be read.

—New York Herald.

A WESTERN man says that this is a "tough world," and it is his opinion that very few who are in it now will ever get out alive.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

"MY DEAR GRANDSON," said the loving grandmother, as she gently stroked the boy's fair hair, "I find my sight is failing me, and I fear that ere long I shall no longer be able to knit the socks which I have sent you so regularly during the past five years."

"Oh, do not say so, my dear grandmother," exclaimed the young man in a passionate outburst as the light of a great joy broke over his face. "This is too, too much. I cannot bear it."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

MRS. CANBY: Oh, Titus, the baby has swallowed a hair-pin!  
MR. CANBY: That's it; just as I expected. Now you'll want money to buy some more. It's nothing but money, money, money in this house the whole blessed time. I'll bet that baby has swallowed more than fifty dollars' worth of hair-pins in the last three months. Now, madam, this thing has got to stop right here—either that baby will quit eating hair-pins and come down to common grub like the rest of us, or I'll know the reason why—you understand?—*Epoch.*

"THAT's exactly what I came here for this evening, Miss Mildred." The young man laid aside his hat, cane and gloves.  
"That's exactly what I came for," he repeated, possessing himself of her hand. "I want you for my wife."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble, Mr. Fairball," exclaimed the girl, taking her hand away. "I shall never marry you."  
"Another word of back talk like that," said the young base-ball umpire, quietly but firmly passing his arm about her waist and pulling her head down on his shoulder, "will cost you \$25."—*Chicago Times.*

"I THINK that Miss Seabeach is awfully horrid."  
"Why, what's the matter?"  
"She met me on the hotel piazza and said: 'Why, Miss Passe, I'm so glad to meet you, I haven't seen you in a hundred years.'"

"I SEE you are advertising again for a runaway dog. This is the third time in a single month!"  
"Yes, bother it! Since my daughter has begun taking music lessons I can't keep a dog in the house."—*Euclid.*



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—*Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.*

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—*Medical Standard, Chicago.*

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"Why so?" asked his pupil.  
"Because of its unconquerable aversion to water."  
—Truth.

FATHER GERARD, a Trappist monk, on one of his travels happened to sit at the dinner-table opposite to a wag who had the effrontery to ask him:

"Can you tell me, father, what difference there is between a monk and a monkey?"

"Only the width of the table, monsieur," was the curt reply.—Montaigne.

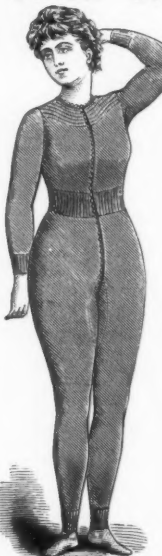


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